

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Charlotte Rivet, and I am Matthew Whites mother. I was 25 when he was born, and he was my 3rd and final child. I was a drug addict and had been using drugs since I was 14 years old. I continued using during all my pregnancies. When pregnant with Matthew I regularly used both cocaine and methamphetamines. He was full term if I remember correctly and he was born with a heart murmur, honestly, I cannot remember if he met his milestones on time or anything like that.

When Matthew was about 1-2 years old, he had a head injury and had to be taken to the hospital after his older brother sent him for a ride down the handrailing on the stairs. I do not remember what the doctor said, his dad is the one who brought him. I started shooting up drugs when Matthew was 3 years old, I think. I did drugs with the kids in the home and often they may have gone unsupervised. A lot of things happened, and I cannot remember them all, nor do I want to. Giving this information and being forced to think and remember these times is very rough for me but I am going to try my best for the sake of my son.

I think Matthew was around 4 years old when my house was raided with all the children home. After that I lost custody of all 3 of my children and Matthew went to live with his dad. I was in and out of jail until he was probably around 15 years old. I often went long periods of not seeing him from the time he was a couple months old. There were times I even took the kids with me to shoplift or write fraudulent checks and I would be arrested, and the children would have to be picked up by a family member. I bounced around a lot and was evicted from pretty much every place that I had ever lived in when the kids were young. When Matthew was around 10 his dad unfortunately started getting more involved in drugs also and around this time we moved in together and often lived with each other on and off for a good 5 years. When Matthew was 12, I admit that we allowed him to do things that we should not have and I also admit that I contributed to a lot of his delinquency, at that time we all started doing drugs and committing crimes together. Matthew was kind of groomed to follow in our footsteps I guess you could say. When his dad went to prison Matthew became a ward of the state, I remember telling child protection that I was done jumping through their hoops and they could keep the kids after they told me I needed to do a hair follicle drug test. I shaved my whole head bald thinking I could get out of it and told them I was done cooperating. Even though my kids were all removed from my custody again at that time they still often lived with me. Matthew would go on run from whatever correction placement or foster home he was in and come stay with me. Eventually they stopped even trying to get him back when he was around 16. I guess you could say that the system also failed him, and it was not just my fault.

I admit, I was not a good mother, I failed all my children in more ways than one. Most of the time I think they hated me, but our family unit was strong and close, and we never strayed too far from each other. Matthew has had a shitty life, there is no doubt about that. He has had no shortage of bad hands dealt to him and I unfortunately contributed to many of those. He was probably one of those kids who were never meant to make it out of the gutter and to be stuck in a cycle of intergenerational transmission of violence and crime. I wish I could say that I had a hand in him becoming who he finally is today, but I cannot. In order for Matthew to become the best person he could be, he needed to cut off his old life and that even meant me too. While we were still active in each other's lives, it was not on the same level it used to be, we were not close like we used to be.

I have never admitted any of this to any of my children, I would never admit this to anyone. You could even say that I have been in denial all these years. Whenever any of my kids would ask me about this, I would always deny it and say that it is not how it happened or that it plain did not happen, and they were wrong.

I am only admitting this now to try and finally do something to help my son. Your honor, I am not saying what my son did was right and that he should not be punished but Matthew has already been punished for most of his life. It is time for him to finally live the life that he deserves and the life he has been working so hard for lately. I respectfully ask that you do not take to many years away from him so that he may still get out and have many great years in front of him with his family and children. I would hate to see his children grow up and become adults without their father like my son did. It is time to break the generational cycle and for my son to meet his full potential and I sincerely hope prison does not change the course that he is on and has set for himself.

Sincerely,

Charlotte Rivet

Dear Honorable Judge,

I am writing to you regarding my brother Matthew White. I know given the circumstances that my words may be of no help to him or his situation, nonetheless, I still must try and hope that you are willing to listen.

Matthew is my younger brother and although our adult lives took very different paths, we have always been close. Matthew was always someone I could turn to, even when his life was in shambles.

For many years I watched helplessly as my brother destroyed his life, I wish I could have helped him, but he had demons he was fighting that he had not yet been ready to confront. I am sure you are aware that in order for a person to change, they must be ready and willing, no amount of pressure from friends or family will make a difference until that person decides they themselves are ready.

My brother reached that point a couple years ago upon his admission to the Salvation Army. Ever since then Matthew has continued to blossom and grow and turn into a man that I never thought possible. At one point in time, I had even attempted to take out a life insurance policy on him because I was sure he would end up dead from drugs or murdered. Thinking back on that now, I cannot believe how drastically things have changed. Instead of me taking out life insurance preparing for his death in his 20s he is getting life insurance through a great employer that he was proud to be apart of and in a career that could take him places.

Matthew had never been happier in his whole life than he was before the George Floyd riots. He had everything that he could ask for, a good career, a loving supportive family, a strong solid support network, years of sobriety and the confidence knowing that he achieved all this through his own hard work and dedication. Matthew is definitely one of the people who overcame the odds when there was so much stacked against him. The life he was born into, he had not been born to succeed, yet here he was doing it. He was succeeding, better late than never and I could not have been prouder of him.

My brother is my best friend, and one day when I wanted to go out to peacefully protest, I talked him into going with me even though he had not wanted to. This is something I will obviously regret for the rest of my life. I should have just let him go fishing like he was going to, but I had not wanted to go alone. There are no words to describe the regret and guilt I feel for putting my brother in that position. No one should have known better than me that he struggles with impulse control and that the events taking place that day could trigger and set off an event that will forever change both our lives. Unfortunately, the path to success and recovery is not always smooth, everyone faces obstacles, and this was definitely a big one, but it was not a sign that Matthew was returning to his old ways. He continued to work and be sober and be a father to his children. Every day he was filled with such remorse and wondered what he could possibly do to make it right. It ate him up inside and soon he was hating himself for throwing away everything he had worked so hard for. After this, it is hard not to wonder, maybe he was really born not to succeed after all. Matthew's childhood and upbringing were filled with trauma, neglect, abuse and addiction. He was raised to fail. It is heartbreaking to know that things that happened to an innocent child can continue to haunt them for the rest of their lives.

Matthew was born to drug addicted parents and life was chaos from an early age filled with many adverse childhood experiences. During the early years us kids were accustomed to strange people

coming and going from our home at all hours of the day and night. We were exposed to people using and selling drugs as early as I can remember, back then it was not uncommon to come out of our room and see a bunch of people around a table full of needles. Our home would be broken into and our belongings stolen and or destroyed, one time our Christmas was even stolen. When Matthew was around 5 years old a drug raid took place in the home we were living in with our mom, we got to sit there and watch the whole thing as the police ransacked the house and everything in it, our mom lost custody of all 3 of us at that point and my brother went to live with his dad and even though he was not my father I stayed with him for a period of time as well. When Matthew was around 10 years old his dad was dabbling in selling drugs and the place, they lived would have drive by shootings. At nighttime we were not allowed to walk in front of the windows and would be told to crouch around not the ground, one time his dad even hung a sign on the house that said the person they were looking for no longer lived there and to stop shooting. Around that time is when things starting increasingly going downhill, by the time Matthew was 12 years old, his father was one of the big drug kingpins in the city and us kids were running rampant. No school, no rules, no supervision and plenty of friend's little kids had no business being friends with. At 12 years old Matthew starting using meth, he started selling drugs and committing crimes. This was allowed and even encouraged by parents at the time. When he was 12 his dad bought him a Ford Mustang, us being little kids who have been exposed to this way of life since birth did not see anything wrong with this, we thought we were cool and grown up and our parents were our friends and everyone else wanted to be our friends and nobody could tell us what to do. At 13 Matthew was arrested for the first time.

When Matthew was 14 years old his dad was arrested for the largest drug bust in Wisconsin at the time and sentenced to several years in prison. This is something that Matthew has struggled with his whole life, he felt like his father had abandoned him and left him to fend for himself, he harbored so many angry feelings over this for most of his life. A month after his dad's arrest Matthew was subject to another disastrous event, his cousin and best friend died. Our cousin TJ was 13 years old when he got into a high-speed police pursuit that resulted in his death. The vehicle that he had been driving was stolen by Matthew a few days prior and Matthew had been with his cousin in that car only hours before his death.

As a juvenile Matthew was in and out of juvenile detention more than a dozen times, he developed a lot of anger and hatred towards his father for leading him down this path and more for our mother who never tried to stop it. He dealt with a lot of abandonment and self-worth issues that continue to plague him to this day. He never learned how to have healthy relationships and was often very abusive to everyone around him. Mathew spent his whole life surrounded by violence, as a young teenage drug dealer he was often targeted and would be robbed at gun point and assaulted.

Matthew's dad was released from prison in 2010 when he was 22 years old, unfortunately 2010 was also the year Matthew went to prison for the first time. He served 4 years on that sentence and was released in 2014. Matthew loved his dad more than anything but his release they continued to have a very tumultuous relationship fueled by so many years of anger and abandonment. In 2015 Matthew had fell back into using drugs and heroin had turned into his drug of choice which he and his father ended up using together.

In May of 2015 Matthew bought a \$50 bag of heroin that he split with his dad one Saturday night before they parted ways. On Sunday May 10th, 2015, I was the one who tracked down my brother at his

girlfriend's house. That is the day that I had to tell my little brother that his father was dead, not only did I have to tell him he was dead, but I also had to tell him that he was dead because he overdosed on the heroin that Matthew had given him. Matthew was wracked with so much guilt and so many other feelings that he had never felt and did not know how to handle. He never got to tell him how much he loved him and what he meant to him, never got a chance to repair their relationship and all his last moments with him were filled with hate and anger. Matthew fell into a downward spiral, one no one expected him to make it out of alive. He started being even more reckless with drugs and the crimes he was committing and often told people that if anything ever happened that he would be going out suicide by cop. He just plain did not care about life anymore.

In early 2017 Matthews girlfriend became pregnant; they were heavy users together. Matthew already had 3 children who were born in 2010 right before he had gone to prison, he and the children's mothers had lost custody of all 3 kids and they lived in relative foster care. Matthew was bound and determined to do right by baby number 4 and be the best dad that he could so that history did not repeat itself. He stopped using drugs in order to support his girlfriend and encourage her sobriety. Although he was sober, he was still dabbling in criminal activity to support them as they were both homeless addicts with nothing. On July 24th, 2017, 3 days before his 29th birthday I brought my brother to the Washington County Jail where he voluntarily turned himself in for several outstanding warrants knowing that he would be going to prison.

On that day in July, Matthew took the first step to becoming a better man, father, brother, son and friend. When his release date approached, he learned about his first federal charges and that he would not be getting out of prison. In March of 2018 Matthews life would change forever, that was when he was sent to the Salvation Army Treatment Program. While in this program for the first time in his life Matthew began to address his childhood trauma, all his pain and suffering and all his anger and guilt. This is the first time that he had ever had any kind of therapy and fellowship. He thrived in this program and he grew into a man that blew everyone's minds including federal prosecutors on his charges at the time. Matthew had been doing so well that he was able to stay out of prison and put on probation. I won't repeat much of this information because it is already known but after his completion of treatment, he would later become a resident manager at the same facility and become an advocate and support for other struggling addicts. He went on to get himself a good career and enrolled in a carpenter apprenticeship and most important of all, he was a great father, son, brother and friend. He was there for everyone whenever they needed him, and when I needed him in June 2020 to go with me to protest for George Floyd, he was there for me. Two advocates, two voices for change added to thousands of others to call for justice. That was the plan, my plan, a plan that would unintentionally change my families' whole lives because something happened that I could have ever imagined. I know that I am not responsible for my brothers' actions, but I should have also known better than to put him in that situation when he was just starting to come to terms with everything that life had thrown at him and when he was succeeding.

After the incident Matthew was wracked with guilt and angry and ashamed of what he had done, everyday he would ask me what I thought he could do to make it right. This was even before there was any inkling that he would be caught. He was so remorseful; it ate at him every day. Now as he sits in jail, he was just explaining to me how a place that once felt like home is totally opposite. That he sits in there and for once feels as if he does not belong in there with everyone else, that he does not relate to

anyone, he is not in there sharing stories or boasting of things he did like everyone else and like he used too.

Matthew is a good man, he does not deserve to sit in prison for the next 6+ years, not when so many others who were convicted and sentenced in the riots are doing much less. People who looted and burned down police stations, banks and schools. People who went out there for that specific intention. Yes, my brother has a lengthy criminal history but the progress and changes he has made should count for something. If you are at all familiar with childhood trauma and adverse childhood experiences you will know that the odds were stacked against him from birth, for him to overcome both his adolescent and adult experiences and move on to become such a good and honorable man who now advocates for those in need is nothing short of a miracle. I and my whole family beg you to take into consideration all this information when considering Matthew's sentence and hope that you recognize that he is not a bad person regardless of his past and see that he still has so much potential to do something great with his life.

Thank you for your time in reading this letter, I hope it gives you more insight into the person my brother used to be and the person he has become.

Sincerest Regards,

Jessica White

To The Honorable Wilhemina Wright,

Hello, my name is John Petersen and I am writing to you regarding Matthew Scott White.

I first met Matt while at the Salvation Army Adult Rehabilitation Center in Minneapolis, MN. We were both there for help overcoming addiction. I got to know him quite well. We both worked at the front desk. I found it amazing that he was there when he was thinking he would be going to prison after he completed the treatment. I thought "who would do that, why would you go to treatment and then to prison?" I mention that because it speaks to his character. He told me that he wanted to get his head on right so that when in prison he would be ahead of the game and able to focus on other things that would benefit him more once released.

One day while working at the front desk his girlfriend brought his son and he was able to see him for the first time ever. I have never seen a man glow like he did when that happened. He had true joy in being able to overcome his weaknesses and be a part of his child's life. Family is very important to Matt.

We both ended up completing the program at the salvation army. It was the best thing I ever did and have been sober ever since.

I did get to go fishing with Matt and we talked about life and what was going on. He was a resident manager at the ARC at that time and was enjoying giving back to the place that helped him. He was about to get a job elsewhere and move into a sober living house once he did that. Things were looking up and he was hopeful about the future.

I don't know how or why he fell off track and did what he did. But I do know that he deeply regrets it and realizes what a colossal mistake it was.

I continue to pray for Matt and I believe he has a bright future ahead of him. Not only when he eventually gets released but also while he does his time in prison.

I know that he has to face the consequences for what he did, and I know he understands that as well.

I ask that you show what mercy you can for him and know that he is a kind, caring, and loving man. He just happened to get off track and influenced by the craziness of the world and the events of 2020.

Respectfully,

John G Petersen



May 11, 2021

District Court for the State of Minnesota

Dear Honorable Judge Wilhelmina M. Wright,

I'm writing in regards to Matthew Scott White. I met Matt a few years ago when my son attended treatment at the Salvation Army Men's Rehabilitation program with him. He was a huge part of my son's recovery. He was also a huge part in helping me through the terrible disease of addiction that my son was going through. He always put everyone above his needs. He was always there to help me or my son no matter what he was going through. I watched Matt flourish in the program and graduate. He was finally getting his life together as a person and a father. I can only say good things about this young man. He showed so much potential and his compassion for life was great but I think his struggles got the best of him.

I'm not sure what was going on the day he got into trouble and I don't condone his behavior but what I know is he was caught up in the situation. I'm sure and I would almost positively say Matt is remorseful and wishes he could change what he did that day. I'm requesting you please look at all the good Matt has done and what he has done for others and consider a lighter jail sentence for Matt.

Thank you,

Marianne E Krause

Marianne Krause

Matt White is a good friend of mine, and he is also my son's uncle. Matt has faced many challenges in his lifetime; I would consider his addiction and the consequences of his actions while in active addiction at the top of the list. In the past he has not always been the most trustworthy person. That being said he has always been good to me.

The changes that I have seen in Matt these past few years has been a beautiful thing to watch unfold. Through his dedication to the program at the Salvation Army, I feel that the work he did on himself while there helped him to emerge a renewed person in recovery, seeing life with all of the possibility it holds and placing value on a lot of the more subtle sentimental gifts life has for us. He has stepped up to become an amazing, dedicated father. Taking action on a daily basis to be an active part of his sons life. I look forward to Matt being a positive male figure in my own sons life as he grows. It would be a travesty if that opportunity was lost. I personally don't trust many people with the care of my children; but the man that Matt has worked so hard to become I would be honored to let him spend time with his nephew.

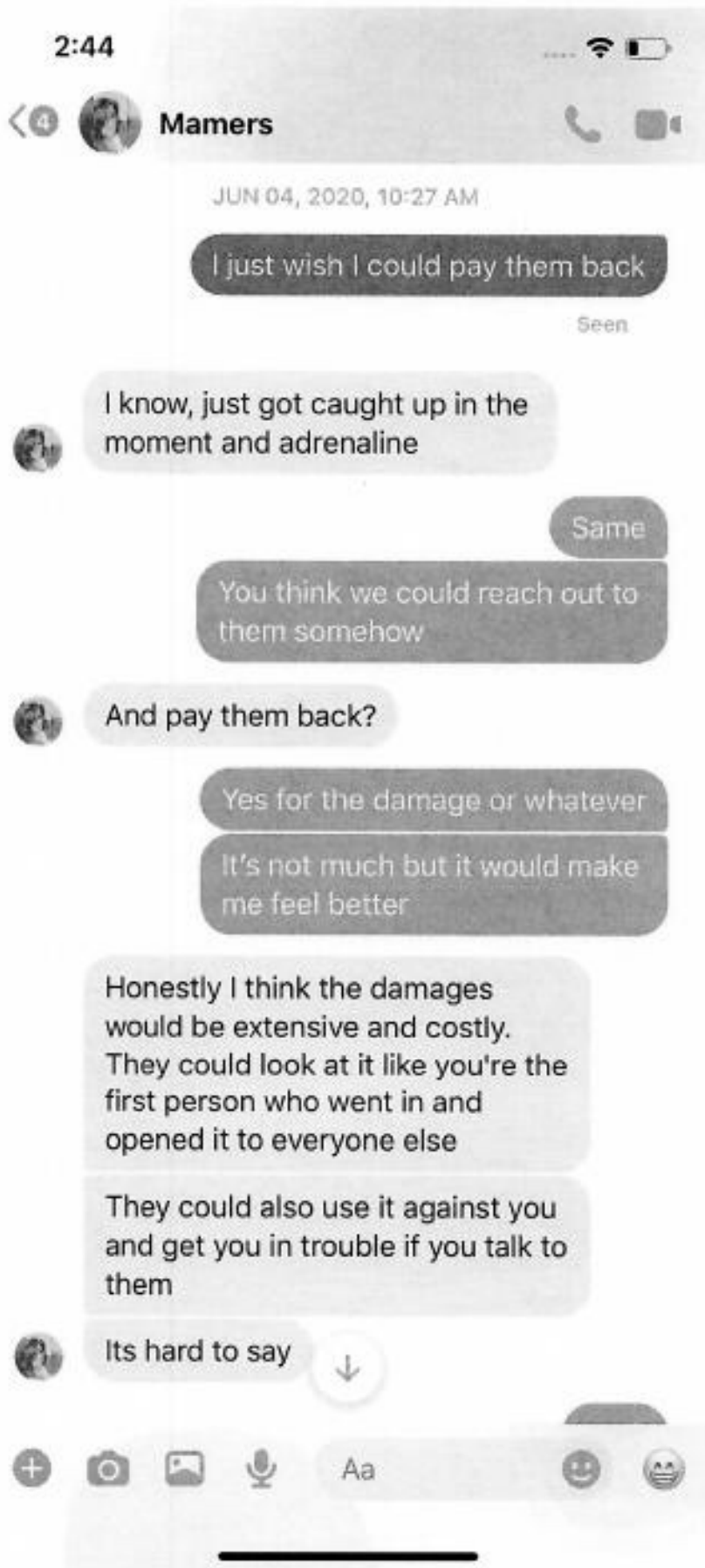
He has become an asset in the recovery community, helping other addicts find their way. He has turned so many negatives in his life into positives. A skill that we in the program need to be passed on.

This one, extremely poor decision, which I can only imagine happened in the heat of the moment, could forever change the trajectory of his life.

In short, I understand what Matthew has done is serious. However I respectfully urge the court to please consider all of the progress he has made in truly turning his life around when it comes time for sentencing.

Sincerely,

Jessica Smith



2:41



Mamers



JUN 04, 2020, 10:22 AM

I can't stop thinking about that
shit still

My conscience is eating at me



I'm sorry Matty, i wish I
good advice



The Salvation Army
Adult Rehabilitation Center – Minneapolis, MN

Certificate of Completion

This certifies that

Matthew White

Has successfully completed all the requirements of the Program, and is promoted to Alumni,
as of 10/18/18, with all of its rights and expectations.

Trish Canfield
Director of Rehabilitation Services

Don Canfield
Administrator



Matt White is with [REDACTED] ...

May 12, 2020 • [REDACTED]


Catching fish is always better then catching cases






548
LTE 51%

← Search



Matt White
Jun 9, 2020

I painted this today for a really nice guy named Tim. It was great.
The reason why I painted "We love you George," is because a few years ago I had this counselor named Rafael, he always tried preaching to me the way that I acted to others was not with love.
Fresh out of prison again I didn't even know how to love myself or anyone else for that matter. That wasn't what he meant and I'm still learning it years later. What he meant was have love for your fellow man, the way you treat them is the way you'd treat yourself. It was hard for me to wrap my head around. I didn't know that I could love a stranger that I didn't know.
After the last week I can hear his words telling me all these things about loving yourself and other people.
Today it means that to me that you can love people by just having Their best interest in mind, you can love them by keeping them out of harms way, you can love them by just giving them a hand.
It's an everyday practice, but it gets easier.



108
30 Comments • 7 Shares

Love
Comment

5:52

LTE 53%



Search



Matt White

...

May 26, 2020 •

My mother marched for Floyd today, she doesn't know him, she knows what happened was wrong.

She looked past her own health issues to stand up for social injustice. Be more like my mom, stand up for what's right and not some clouded bullshit.

*I stole this pic from my sister**

#JUSTICEFORFLOYD



10:56

69%

Search



Jessica White is with Matt White.

Dec 19, 2018

So proud of my brother for graduating his treatment program. I wish he would have had this opportunity given to him long ago. I'm not gonna lie, prior to this I think I had finally given up hope for my baby brother and that was not very easy for me. I had thought letting him outta jail for this little bit of time was going to be a big mistake but he proved me wrong!

I have no words to explain just how happy and proud I am of you Matthew, in my eyes you have done a complete 180 and are a whole new person. Gone is the angry selfish boy you were and here now stands a kind and considerate man who I know I can once again count on for anything. I would never have imagined that this program could have changed you so much but I am glad it did.

I hope that you can continue to grow and do great things with yourself even tho you still have a few bumps ahead of you.

I love you! ❤️❤️👮👮



Jerome Pelletier and 9 others

5:50

LTE 52%



Search



Matt White

...

May 31, 2020 • 2

Here's a rant from the shit poster himself.
This shit drives me fucking nuts, I literally am disgusted with the times we live in. I'm NOWHERE NEAR perfect and I've done some not good things and it drives me crazy that the words "stay safe" are so casually thrown around, it's like a fucking motto, you casually say hi to someone and they tell you to stay safe upon leaving or walking away. I'm not trying to say it's not wise to stay safe but it's like..... WTF ITS 2020!! We're supposed to be a civilized country and I have Tom down the road telling me to "stay safe." TRUSTING POLICE IS PUT INTO QUESTION FOR EVERYONE!

The government dropped the ball big time on ALL OF THIS! How hard is to tell that the guy was wrong?! A BLIND PERSON COULDA SEEN THAT WAS WRONG AND WHAT WAS COMING. THE GOVERNOR GETS PAID ROUGHLY 169k YEAR!!


THE WHOLE GOVERNMENT FROM MPLS POLICE CHIEF TO THE MAYOR OF MINNEAPOLIS TO THE GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA NEED TO BE GONE! EPIC FAILURE, our state will be apart of some of the most negative history of our lives because of some incompetent politicians can't tell they're heads from they're asses.
#MINNESOTAPOLITICIANSUCKASS





Matt White



Dec 26, 2019 • 

Im glad I never gave
up,
It's all been worth it.

**Matt White**

...

May 10, 2020 • 🧑

5 years ago today I was in the depths of an opiate addiction. I was using painkillers and heroin heavily. Me and my dad often used to together or shared, we were both addicts.

I got a 50\$ bag of heroin and that 50\$ costed me more then anything ever will in my life.

My dad died from it.

I can remember the feeling of hearing my sister saying my dad was dead. I couldn't believe it.

I was literally In shock, like the numbest I could ever be. I was there. That was it I was on my way to self destruction. I couldn't deal with the fact that my dad had died.... I couldn't stop using either.

I was on a road of death and suffering.

I wasn't able to come to terms with any part of the situation, it's still hard. But it couldn't make me stop using.

As the time went on while I was using I was miserable. I couldn't stop the bleeding from my dad being gone, I didn't know how to even imagine stopping.

It took me a lot of pain and grief but I did it.

I try not to lose sight of how hard life can really be and remind myself that it is what i make it.

I thought I had a point here 😊

If your breathing remember to give yourself a chance and you'll do just fine.

**Matt White**

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May 4, 2020 • 🧑🏻🧑🏻🧑🏻

I seen a guy with a syringe in his ear, my first thought was I needed a pic of it. My second thought was: damn that was me. I had this overwhelming feeling of wanting to scream out the window at him and tell him he was fucking his life up. Then I started thinking if he would be receptive to someone trying to help him, would he believe me?

It reminded me that I can't forget where I came from.

As good of a life I have that could definitely be me again.

In a sad fucked up way I needed to see that guy. I needed the reminder to not take this "good" life for granted and that next time I will definitely not shy away from trying to help.

Even some words of encouragement, whatever it is.

I hate that I tend to forget those times and try to hide behind my sobriety or bullshit excuses of why I shouldn't help people.

Maybe my life would've been different if some perfect stranger cared about another human as much as they cared about themselves.

My daily reflection.

